



The Comic Rack



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GOLDHEART'S REIGN OF TERROR!

P+ THE P+UNISHER AGE



DIRECT EDITION

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HIS FAMILY WAS MURDERED BY A PSYCHOPATH IN AN AGE WHERE JUSTICE CAN BE BOUGHT AND NO ONE BELIEVES IN OLD-FASHIONED PUNISHMENT ANYMORE... NO ONE EXCEPT JAKE GALLONS... A WEAPONS SPECIALIST IN THE PUBLIC EYE POLICE FORCE BY DAY, AT NIGHT HE IS INCORRUPTIBLE JUSTICE.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

THE **PUNISHER** 2099

SURPRISED
TO SEE ME?
FIGURED YOUR BOY
WOULD FINISH ME
OFF, EH, MATT?

WELL,
NOW I'M
GONNA
FINISH
YOU!

ARMED AND DANGEROUS

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YOU SABOTAGED
MY PLASMA GUN -
I GUESS YOU
CHANGED SIDES!

NO--FOR SHOCK'S SAKE, IF
I'D WANTED YOU DEAD, I'D
HAVE SABOTAGED ALL
YOUR SYSTEMS!

I LEFT YOU EVERY-
THING YOU NEEDED
TO DEFEND YOUR-
SELF... IT WAS
ONLY THE
PLASMA CANNON
THAT COULD
HAVE KILLED
SABER.

YOU'RE LYING...
AND I'M WASTING
MY TIME!

GOOD-BYE,
MATT!

NO... DON'T
YOU SEE? I
KNEW YOU'D
COME OUT ALIVE...
I-I KNOW YOU
BOTH SO
WELL.

PLEASE, JAKE... THINK!
THIS IS ME - I'D
NEVER BETRAY YOU.
JAKE.

OKAY!
THAT DOES IT!
YOU DIE! THERE'S
NO JAKE
HERE...

...ONLY THE
PUNISHER!



TWO IN FRONT, FIVE
BEHIND... STANDARD
STREET ATTACK
PATTERN. I THOUGHT
BETTER OF YOU,
SKORCH.

PUBLIC EYE CRIMINAL
FILE XJ46/L. "SKORCH"
-- REAL NAME ALBERT
PENNINGS. I.Q. 87.
FIRST OFFENSE
SEVEN YEARS OLD.
CREDIT CARD
FRAUD...

WHAT...?
HOW DO YOU
KNOW MY
NAME?

SHUT UP!
YOU GOLD
FREAK!

UUGH!
MAKE HIM
STOP, MAN!

...YOU SEE,
IT'S ME THAT'S
BEEN HUNTING
YOU AND YOUR
GOLD.

SNAP!

I'D BEEN
WAITING FOR
YOU AND YOUR
GANG TO MAKE
A MOVE FOR
SOME TIME...

POW!











NO, WE'RE NOT.
YOU ARE. I
WANT YOU TO
MEET YOUR
NEW
PARTNER.

THIS IS OFFICER
GOLDHEART.

GOOD MORNING, OFFICER
GALLONS. YOUR CONCERN IS UNDER-
STANDABLE... BUT I'M SURE THAT ONCE WE
WORK TOGETHER AND YOU WITNESS
MY OPERATIONAL PARAMETERS...

"OUR RELATIONSHIP
WILL BECOME BASED ON
MUTUAL RESPECT, EVEN
FRIENDSHIP."

NOW THAT'S ENOUGH,
JAKE... I'M WARNING
YOU... YOU'RE SOUND-
ING LIKE A STUPID
CHINIST!

THE MACHINE
RELATIONS ACT
WAS WRITTEN FOR
PEOPLE LIKE YOU.

YEAH, SURE
...I LOVE YOU
RIGHT BACK

LISTEN, CHIEF
I'M NOT WORKING
WITH THIS
TIN CAN...

OKAY... OKAY... GO
EASY WITH THE
BOOK...

COME ON,
CLANKY. LET'S
HIT THE
STREETS

"CLANKY"
NICKNAME NOTED.
I'LL ADD IT TO
MY FILES.

LATER...

IT'S NO
USE! NOTHING'S
GETTING THROUGH
THAT SHIELD!

WHY DON'T
WE TRY HEAVY
ARTILLERY?

BECAUSE
THIS IS AN URBAN
AREA--NOT A
WAR ZONE.

"I'VE CALLED IN
THE SPECIAL
WEAPONS GUYS."

U
T
P
O
W
N

I WOULD APPRECIATE ANY
CRITICISMS OF MY PERFORMANCE,
JAKE. I REALLY WANT TO DO WELL
IN THIS JOB... AND PROVE
MYSELF WORTHY TO WEAR
THE PUBLIC EYE BADGE

WORTHY TO
WEAR...? GET
REAL, GOLD-
HEART

OFFICER
GALLONS AND
ER... MY PARTNER,
I GUESS, OFFICER
GOLDHEART.

WHAT'S
GOIN'
DOWN?

THEY'VE GOT SOME
KIND OF ENERGY FIELD...
IT STOPS OUR FIRE GOING
IN... BUT THEY CAN SHOOT
OUT EASY ENOUGH.

AH, YES THEY'VE GOT AN EX-MILITARY "OMIKRON" ENERGY BUBBLE, NOT ONLY DOES IT STOP INCOMING FIRE... IT USES THE ENERGY TO ACCELERATE THEIR OUT-GOING FIRE.

I'M FAMILIAR WITH THIS. A ONE-WAY PROJECTILE AND ENERGY SCREEN UTILIZING "HARD BAND" ELECTROMAGNETICS. IT WAS DEVELOPED EARLY THIS CENTURY, FOLLOWING RESEARCH BY NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING PROFESSOR SPENCER BATES, WHO...

OKAY, SIR... WHO ARE WE UP AGAINST HERB?

SHUT UP, GOLDHEART.

BLOODHACKERS... THEY HAVE THE BIZARRE BELIEF THAT THEY CAN HACK INTO SOMEONE'S BIO-SYSTEM BY STEALING THEIR BLOOD

INTERESTING WHAT SYSTEM DO THEY USE TO INTERFACE WITH THE HUMAN BODY?

MACHETES. LIKE I SAY, THEY'RE HACKERS.

"THEY'VE GOT HOSTAGES... AND THEY'RE KILLING ONE AN HOUR"

"WHAT ARE THEIR DEMANDS?"

"NO DEMANDS. IT'S JUST SOME KIND OF RITUAL."

WE'VE THROWN EVERYTHING AT THAT SHOCKIN' SCREEN AND IT'S HELD.
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?

HAVE YOU TRIED SWITCHING IT OFF?

YOU BEING SMART WITH ME, GALLONS?

NOT AT ALL, SIR.
WHAT YOU NEED IS --

GOLDHEART--
JUST GO BACK TO THE VEHICLE AND
FETCH IT... THERE'S A GOOD TIN CAN!

--A BIPOLAR SCRAMBLER PLACED AT OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE ENEMY DOME IT WILL NEGATE--

OKAY... IS YOUR SCRAMBLER IN POSITION, GOLDHEART?

RIGHT--
ON MY MARK--

HIT IT!



SCREEN'S DOWN!
HIT 'EM WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!

SHIELD'S DOWN!
WE'VE BEEN
SCRAMBLED!

HELP
ME! HELP
ME!

NO TIME TO
FINISH THE
RITUAL.

HAAA,
HAA, HAAA!
TOO LATE!
PIGS!

KILL EM
ALL BEFORE
WE DIE!

I'M THE WEAPON
SPEC ALIST. I'M
SUPPOSED TO
STAND BY AS THE
GRUNTS MOVE IN.

BUT I'VE GOTTA
TRY AND SAVE AS
MANY HOSTAGES
AS I CAN

AND THE BLOODHACKERS
MUST BE PUNISHED!

OFFICER GALLONS!
YOU'RE IGNORING OUR
DIRECTIVE--WE MUST NOT
PHYSICALLY INTERACT
WITH THE FELONS, AND
FURTHERMORE --

NOT NOW,
GOLDEART!
I'M BUSY!

SUCK
LEAD,
JERK-
FACE!

YOU KNOW THE
ROUTINE, OFFICER... LAY
DOWN YOUR WEAPON OR
HER HEAD GETS
VENTILATION!

SHOOT
HIM, OFFICER!
I'M NOT
STUPID-- HE'S
GOING TO KILL
ME ANY-
HOW!

I'LL LAY IT
DOWN... BUY HER
SOME TIME...





LOOKS LIKE YOU TOOK
SOME SHELLS BACK
THERE, BUDDY...

MIND YOU, YOU
'CHINES ARE
MADE OF PRETTY
TOUGH...

WHAT
IS THIS...?
IT LOOKS
LIKE
GOLD!

NO
WONDER
YOU'RE
SCORED UP...
GOLD'S SOFT
... YOU'RE
COVERED
IN THE
STUFF!

WHERE
DID YOU
GET ALL
THIS--?

WITH
RESPECT,
OFFICER
GALLONS,
THIS IS NOT
PERTINENT
TO OUR
JOB.

COME ON, GOLDEART...
WHAT'S GOING DOWN
HERE?

WHAT I DO
WITH MY TIME...
MONEY... AND BODY...
IS NO AFFAIR
OF YOURS.

... AND I HEREBY
TERMINATE THIS
CONVERSATION.

I WOULD
REMIND YOU THAT
UNDER THE MACHINE
RELATIONS ACT I
AM ENTITLED TO
PRIVACY...

HE'S TOUCHY... BUT HE'S
GOT A POINT... IT'S NONE
OF MY BUSINESS.

AND I'VE GOT
ENOUGH REAL
PROBLEMS TO
WORRY ABOUT...
MATT'S REALLY
HURTING OVER
THE DEATH OF
THE PUBLIC
ENEMY.



I REALLY ENJOY THESE TRAINING SESSIONS - IT GETS ALL THE WORRY OUT OF MY HEAD...

BUT MATT'S BEING SO STUBBORN... IF ONLY HE'D TALK ABOUT IT. HE'S GONE QUIET ON ME.

MATT... ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND? IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY.



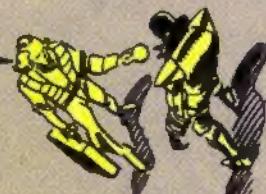
I'M SORRY, JAKE. I'VE HEARD WHAT YOU SAID. I CAN FORGIVE, BUT I CAN'T FORGET.



FROM NOW ON YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

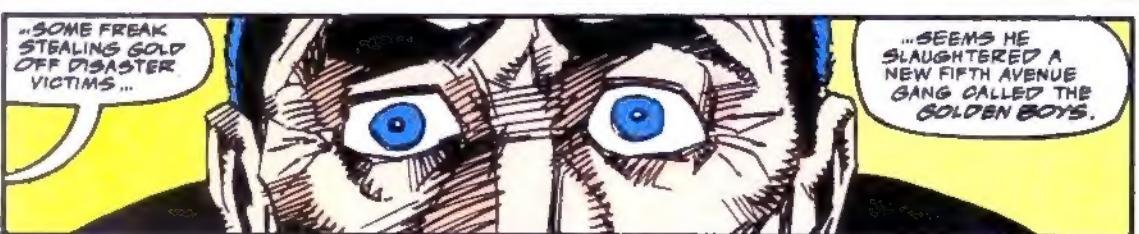


YOU KNOW HOW EVERYTHING WORKS BY NOW... I'VE SHOWN YOU OFTEN ENOUGH. OH, BY THE WAY... HERE'S THE LAST THING I WAS WORKING ON...



...A POSSIBLE PUNISHER TARGET. THE MEDIA ARE CALLING HIM THE COLD GHUL...

...SOME FREAK STEALING GOLD OFF DISASTER VICTIMS...



...SEEMS HE SLAUGHTERED A NEW FIFTH AVENUE GANG CALLED THE GOLDEN BOYS.

SOON AS I HEARD THE GOLD MURDERS WERE IN THE NEW FIFTH AVENUE AREA, I THOUGHT OF GOLDFARTH.

CHINOS MAY HAVE RIGHTS, BUT THEY ONLY GET TO LIVE IN REALLY BAD AREAS LIKE NEW FIFTH...

HE'S UP THERE ON THE TENTH FLOOR.

AS A COLLEAGUE, I CAN'T GO SNOOPING ON HIM...

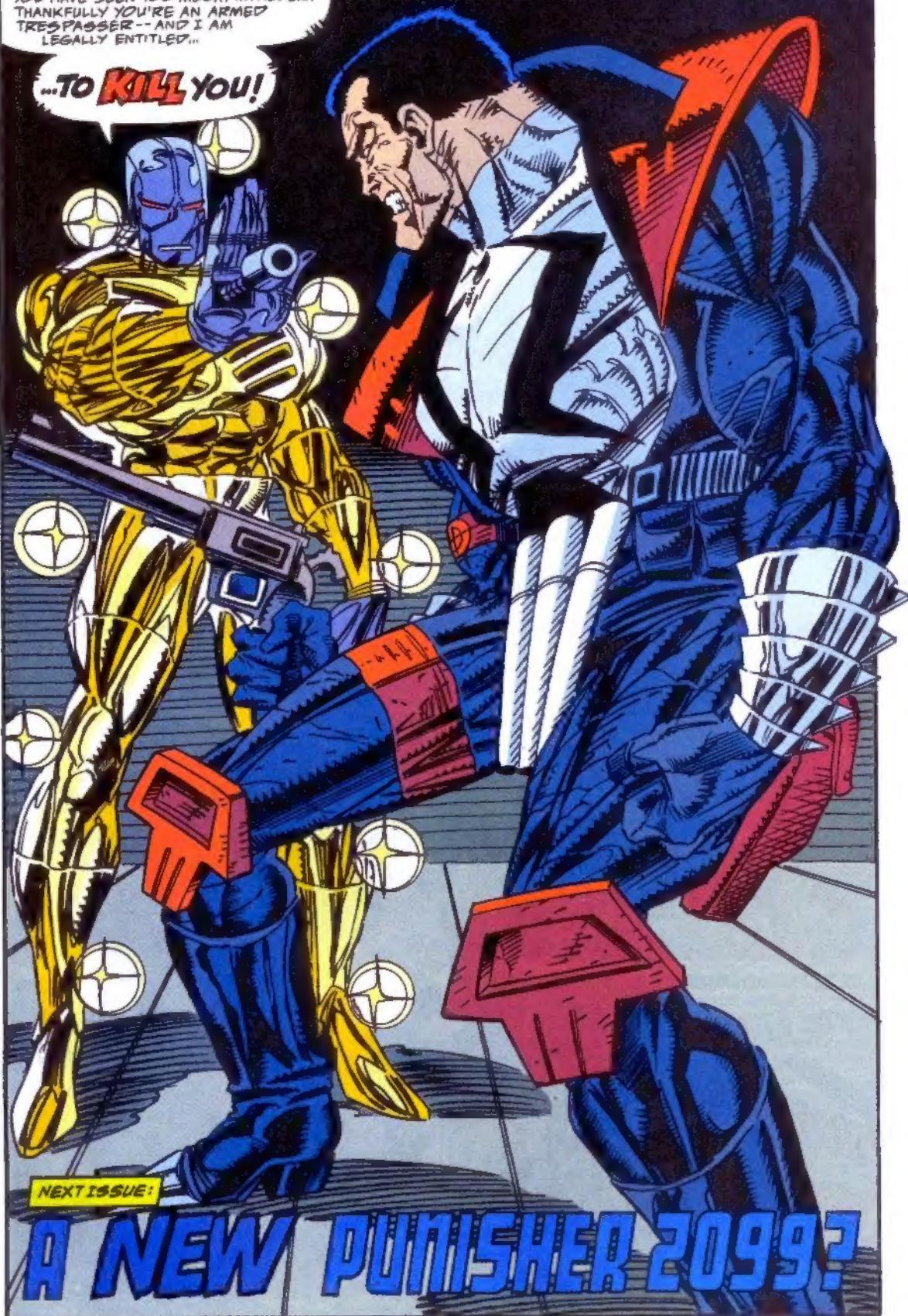
THOOOM!

SPAKK!

"BUT AS THE PUNISHER I CAN CHECK HIM OUT.

YOU HAVE SEEN TOO MUCH, INTRUDER.
THANKFULLY YOU'RE AN ARMED
TRESPASSER-- AND I AM
LEGALLY ENTITLED...

...TO KILL YOU!



NEXT ISSUE:

A NEW PUNISHER 2099?